

DELL

JUNE 1942

ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

10¢

# KING

## of the Royal Mounted

and the "All-India Island"





## the Cougar

The Cougar, or Mountain Lion, is found throughout Western Canada, south of the tree line. In the northern part of his range, he is rare, preferring the roughest of country and a plentiful supply of game—big game, most of all!

The cougar's killing power is often greater than that of the African leopard—for he often weighs more, up to two hundred and fifty pounds. For all that, he attacks man so seldom that many old hunters have declared it never happens.

Actually, only extreme hunger is likely to drive any cougar to hunt human beings. As an example of this, a hunter in Alberta attacked without any provocation by a cougar, late in the winter, shot the animal barely in time. On examining the cougar's stomach, he found nothing but pine needles!

Illustration: 1000 by HENRIE WATSON & LINDA COO

# ZANE GREY'S KING

*of the*  
**ROYAL MOUNTED**

AND  
**THE MENACE OF  
HALF-MOON ISLAND**



IT ACHES---LIKE FORTY! AND,  
FOR SOME REASON---- I CAN'T SEE  
YOU CLEARLY ... KING, WHAT HAPPENED?  
THE LAST I REMEMBER, WE'D FOUND THE  
REST OF THOSE OTER POACHERS ON  
HALF-MOON ISLAND---- AND SOME  
FUNNY-LOOKING ROCK SPEEDINNERS...



BUT---SOMETHING  
IS QUEER WITH MY EYESOME,  
KING! YOU'RE ALL BLURRY!  
WHAT?---

LOOKS BLINDFOLD,  
KID! THAT'S WHAT THE  
MEN WHO SLUGGED  
US PUT IN OUR EYES!  
IT'S HARMLESS---  
THE SAME MEDICINE  
AN EYE DOCTOR USES...

IN TWO OR  
THREE DAYS WE'LL  
SEE CLEARLY AGAIN,  
BUT UNTIL THEN, WE'D  
NEVER FIND OUR  
WAY OUT OF THE  
BUSH!

WOW!  
I'D SAY WE  
WOULDN'T!  
BUT, KING,  
WHERE ARE  
WE?















AN HOUR LATER...

THAT'S THE FULL STORY,  
SIR---UP TO THE MOMENT!  
IT'S POSSIBLE THE CHARACTER  
CALLED "DOC" MIGHT HAVE  
CONTACTED THE OWNER  
OF HALF-MOON ISLAND.

HMMM!  
HE MIGHT--!

I'LL FIND YOU  
THE MAN'S NAME,  
SIR... HERE--!

THE PRESENT OWNER OF HALF-MOON  
ISLAND IS ONE JOHN H. MAILOO...HMMM!  
THE PROPERTY SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN IN HIS  
FAMILY FOR TWO GENERATIONS... WELL--  
TO-OO PEOPLE I LIVE NOT FAR FROM  
HERE....

HELLO? MRS ---JOHN  
MAILOO (SPEAKS CONFUSED)  
ER---WHAT'S THAT, MRS MAILOO  
--- YOUR HUSBAND'S ON ---  
HALF-MOON ISLAND?

YES, INSPECTOR! MY HUSBAND WENT THERE  
THIS MORNING IN A SMALL BOAT--- WITH A GENDER  
COUNTER--- EXPECTED TO RETURN A LITTLE AFTER  
NOON\* AND NOW IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT! (--- I'M  
FRIGHTFULLY WORRIED ABOUT HIM!)

WE WILL SEND A BOAT  
TO THE ISLAND AT ONCE!  
PLEASE DON'T WORRY  
HMMM! NOT AT ALL---  
GOOD-BYE!



ROBBINS' BREATHLESS WHISPER CARRIES ONLY TO KING'S EARS.

THE PLAN!  
YOU WERE RIGHT,  
KING!



KEEP YOUR  
HOLSTER WHUTTONED,  
ROBBINS! THEY'LL  
SHOOT!



THEN, WITHOUT A WHISPER, THE TWO MOUNTIES MOVE THROUGH THE BRUSH—TOWARD THE SPOT WHERE KING AND KID WERE TIED UP, FIVE WEEKS AGO.



I THINK THERE'S  
SOMETHING, KING—  
ON THE GROUND—

YES! GET  
READY!



THIS IS THE MOUNTED  
POLICE! STRETCH YOUR  
HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD  
—EMPTY!



DAG ORNYS INSTANTLY—BUT  
EVEN QUICKER IS WORK A SHOT—



CLIPPING THE FLASHLIGHT IN KING'S HAND!



IN THE DIMMED DARKNESS, TWO GUNFIGHTERS LUNGE AWAY---  
TWO MORE SHOTS LAUGH OUT!



BUT MORE IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH! KING'S HUNDRED AND EIGHTY POUNDS HITS HIM IN A FLYING TACKLE.



GIVE UP,  
MORRIS?



GIVE UP---  
HE EYE! I'LL---



---LEFTHAND!

SNIP THE  
KNUFE---



NOT BAD--- LISTEN, SERGEANT! HE'S SHOT OFF THE PLANE & DRIVING!

AND OVER THE LAKE TOWARD HALF MOON ISLAND!

THAT CONFUSED MOUNTIE'S WALLETS  
DAMAGED MY PROPELLER! I'VE GOT TO COME  
DOWN! BUT ON THE BIG LANE, THEY'D PICK ME  
UP... I'VE GOT JUST ONE CHANCE LEFT!

THAT CONFUSED MOUNTIE'S WALLETS  
DAMAGED MY PROPELLER! I'VE GOT TO COME  
DOWN! BUT ON THE BIG LANE, THEY'D PICK ME  
UP... I'VE GOT JUST ONE CHANCE LEFT!







A POWBOAT ---  
WITH THOSE TWO  
MOUNTAINS! HEADING  
STRAIGHT THIS WAY!  
IF THEY LAND ---



--- THAT WILL BE  
MY GET-ABOUT! I'VE  
GOT TO HAVE THAT  
BOAT!



WE'LL TIE  
UP HERE ---

-- AND  
THEN WHAT,  
STUNT?



I THINK DOO --- IF HE  
ESCAPED THE CRASH --- WILL  
BE ON THIS LITTLE STRIP OF  
SHORE, WATCHING US ---

WHAT'S YOUR  
PLAN, KING?



WE'LL MAKE A SHORT DASH  
INTO THE SHORE! THEN, WE'LL DROP  
TO THE WATER LEVEL, AND GRAB  
NACK!



THERE THEY GO!  
HERE'S THE BREAK  
I HOPED FOR ---!





OUTLINED AGAINST THE BLAZING FOREST, ROBBINS IS QUICKLY SPOTTED—...  
THOUGH THE ROAR OF THE FIRE DROWNS HIS VOICE.





HELLO, MACLEOD!  
CAN YOU FIND YOUR  
WAY DOWN TO THE  
WATER?



HELLO! I NEVER  
SAW POLICE UNIFORMS  
LOOK SO GOOD!

I'LL HELP  
YOU ABOARD,  
MR. MACLEOD.



NOW I'LL MEET  
THE OTHER  
PRISONER ---

OTHER  
PRISONER --- ?



HERE HE IS, INSPECTION!  
THE SECOND MAN! I  
DON'T BELIEVE THERE  
WERE ANY OTHERS  
INVOLVED?

THAT'S  
GOOD, KING  
SPLENDID,  
INFACT!



GENTLEMEN, I'M NOT SURE YET WHAT  
THIS IS ALL ABOUT! --- THIS "DOC" CHARACTER  
TOLD US BUT THE MINERAL RIGHTS TO HALFMOOR  
ISLAND ONLY YESTERDAY. CAN YOU TELL ME  
WHAT I'VE REALLY GOT THERE?



WHAT HAVE YOU GOT,  
MR. MACLEOD? A BURNED-  
OVER ISLAND --- AND A FORTUNE  
IN PRISONERS? THAT'S THE  
"HOTT" MINERAL FOR THREE  
JET-AGE METALS, MORE  
PRECIOUS THAN GOLD ---  
COPPERNICK, FANTHUM,  
AND GRANTUM!

JET AGE  
METALS?  
WHEN THE  
WORST THING  
HAPPENED SO  
FAST, SEEMANT  
KIND? NO  
WORD?

**ZANE GREY'S**  
**KING**  
*of the*  
**ROYAL MOUNTED**

IN  
 A MESSAGE  
 TO WAPASU

CALLED TO MACDELLIVRAY'S TRADING POST BY WAPASU, THE TRADER'S TRUSTED CREW, KING FACES AN ARMED AND THREATENING CROWD.





FOR SIX HOURS, AT A STEADY FOUR MILES AN HOUR,  
THE LEADED BOAT DRIFTED UPSTREAM—AND THEN—



BUT THE YOUNG MAN ON SHORE IS DOING MORE THAN  
WAVE! HIS HANDS AND ARMS MOVE IN "SIGN TALK"  
SO SWIFT AS TO BEMUSE EVEN KING'S REEVENVISION!



AFTER REACHING THE TILLER AND BRUISING THE BOAT  
BACK ON COURSE, KING TRIES IN VAIN TO HOUSE  
WAPASSU FROM HIS FIT OF BRISK CHILLNESS...



WAPASSU, TELL ME!  
TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG?  
WHAT DID WAPITI SAY?

LOOK, WAPASSU! THERE'S  
A MAN ON THE SHORE—  
WAVING TO US!

ISN'T IT  
WAPITI?—



WAPASSU? WHAT'S  
WRONG?



I WOULD LIED AND QUESTION  
THAT INDIAN WHO SIGMA LIED --- BUT  
HE'S CORRE! WAPASSU CALLED HIM "WAPITI"  
--- BUT IT COULDN'T BE THE ONE  
WE LEFT AT THE POST!



THROUGH THE NIGHT HOURS WAPASHU DOES NOT BUDGE  
-- FOR SLEEP.

WAPASHU IS SICK --- HEARD,  
BOOD ON BOTH? BUT HE'LL BE  
AT THE NEW POST SHORTLY  
AFTER DAYLIGHT.



A RIFLE, FIRED IN SALUTE, GREETS THE BOAT'S  
APPEARANCE.

THERE'S THE  
POST! THEY'RE LOOKING  
FOR US!



WELCOME, SERGEANT! I'M  
MATAISH, MACGILLIVRAY'S  
NEPHEW, AND IN CHARGE OF  
THE NEW POST TILL HE  
COMES!

I'M GLAD TO  
KNOW YOU,  
MATAISH!



MACGILLIVRAY ASKED ME  
TO COME ALONG TO GUARD THE  
SHIPMENT FROM ATTACK  
BY BEAVER INDIANS...  
THEY'VE BEEN THREATENING  
TO PREVENT THE MOVE!

PERHAP! MY  
UNCLE IS A GREAT  
WORKER --- OVER  
NOTHING USUALLY!  
MY MEN WILL  
UNLOAD.



NO MORE TRADE  
GOODS ---  
BEAVERS ---

WHAT FORT  
WAS THAT? IT WAS!

WHAT'S  
THIS?





"WHEN THE FIRE GOT TOO HOT, MACBILLYNAY AND MY WIFE NITA AND WAPATI RAN OUT! BULLETS AND ARROWS CAME LIKE HAIL!"



"WAPATI SAW MY WIFE FALL --- SAW THE BEAVERS CAPTURE MACBILLYNAY, ROANDED!





"WAH! WAS FLEET OF FOOT---AND LUCKY! HE  
ESCAPED INTO THE BUSH AND HAN TO OVERTAKE  
OUR BOAT!"



WHY DID YOU NOT  
TELL ME THEN,  
WARAG?

MY HEART WAS DEAD  
--- WITH MY WIFE I HAD  
NO WORRY BUT NOW  
I TELL YOU ---



WAH! IT IS WAH! THEY HAVE  
KILLED OUR TRADER ---  
BURNED THE TRADE-BOAT!

WAH! WHOOP!  
WE WILL TAKE THE  
WARPATH, NOW!

SHAHWOOP!



LISTEN, DEKANNIES! THIS IS NOT WAR!  
IT IS A MATTER FOR THE POLICE ---  
THE RED JACKETED THOSE WHO HAVE  
COME HERE WILL PAY --- BUT NOT  
AT FOUR HANDS!



MC TAYLOR, PLEASE HAVE  
YOUR MEN UNLOAD OUR BOAT AT  
ONCE --- LEAVING ONLY SOME FOOD  
SUPPLIES, PETROL, TWO RIFLES  
AND AMMUNITION, AND BLANKETS  
FOR ME AND WARAG!

YOU ARE  
RETURNING ---  
DOWN RIVER  
--- NOW!

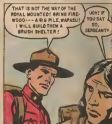


YES, MC TAYLOR! IMMEDIATELY!  
FOUR WHOLE BULL CAPTURED ALREADY  
WE WILL NOT LEAVE HIS TRAIL UNTIL  
WE HAVE HIM SAFE!













SEARCH THE MALL FOR CARTER BOOL, WAPIDA --- THEN UNLOAD THEIR GUNS!



WHERE IS MAC GILLYBRAY? WHERE IS WAPIDAJOH?

THEY WILL NOT TELL US HE CAN'T! BETTER TIE THEM UP!



NO NEED TO TIE THEM, WAPISAC! IT IS THEIR LEADER, WAPIDAJOH, WHOM WE WANT!

YES! YOU ARE RIGHT, KING! WE WILL FOLLOW HIS TRAIL AND MAGGILLYRAY'S!



HERE IT IS!

SEE? MAGGILLYRAY WALKS AHEAD, LEADING WAPIDAJOH IS BRINGING HIM ON FASTER!



THREE MILES FARTHER ON --- A CRIM DRAMA IS BEING ACTED!

THANKS I KNOW YOU WOULD BE BEFORE BREAKING YOUR WORD! SO PROMISE YOU WILL TRADE BACK WITH MY PEOPLE --- OR JUMP INTO THE RIVER!

NO TO SLITHERING POOL!



BUT INSIDE THE THICKET TOWARD WHICH WAPISKAJON IS RACING, A BOTHER MOOSE RISES WITH AN ANGRY GRUNT...



--- AND WAPISKAJON'S GRUNT OF SURPRISE SOUNDS IT!



STRAIGHT TOWARD KING AND WAPSU. THE WILD INDIAN DASHES—KNOWING THAT THEY MUST SHOOT THE MOOSE TO PROTECT THEMSELVES.



NOT YET, WAPSU—...YES! MIGHT IT BE?



THE LAST SHOT UP AND THE MOOSE FLUNG TO THE SKY—



...BUT THE NEXT SPLIT INSTANT, WAPSIKALON'S HEAD STRUCK LIKE A BATTERING RAM—...ON KING'S DIAMOND ELBOW.



CONTINUING HIS BACKWARD ROLL, KING TOSSES HIS BAR...



---WHO LARGES SO BREATHELESS THAT KING IS ONTO HIM AGAIN BEFORE THE INDIAN CAN REISE..



STRAIGHT TOWARDS KING AND NAIPASANG  
OWNED—KNOWING THAT THEY MUST FIGHT  
TO PROTECT THEMSELVES. —HELP  
MEAT!

LOADED DOWN WITH PACKS OF MOOSE MEAT, THE FOUR MEN  
START BACK.

"IF SOME OTHER HUNTER  
FINDS HIM? AH, WELL, IT'S THE  
BETTER WAY TO GO, AFTER ALL."

AND LATER, AT THE BEAVER INDIAN'S CAMP ---

"I DO BELIEVE, MR. WERTHERS, THAT  
LIVES."

AND I BELIEVE  
THESE BEAVERS HAVE  
LEARNED A LESSON!

A LESSON, HE SAYS? WELL, SO  
HAVE I LEARNED ONE, SERGEANT!  
IT'S "FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES!"  
MAY I HAVE THE KEY TO  
NAIPASANG'S HANDCUFFS?

NAIPASANG, YOUR HANDS ARE FREE!  
I OFFER YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE PEACE  
AND TRADE --- AT MY NEW POST!  
WILL HE TAKE IT?

WOW! IT IS  
PEACE...  
O WAR-BO-  
WILL-NOT-  
LIE!

BUT, MIND TO --- I'LL CHARGE  
A SMALL PERCENTAGE EXTRA  
UNTIL YOU'VE PAID FOR MY  
LOST TRADE GOODS! THAT'S  
BUSINESS! EN, SERGEANT?

IT IS FAIR ---  
AND SCOTCH!

IT IS  
GOOD!



# ESKIMO

## WAYS



## CLOTHING

Dressed entirely in the skins of animals which he has hunted, and his wife has made into garments, the Eskimo is perfectly suited to the Arctic. In winter, he wears two parkas (called "HOLITUK") of Caribou hide, the inner one with the fur turned inside, and the outer one with the fur worn outside. The outer parka has a deep hood trimmed with wolverine fur, from which the frost of the wearer's breath is easily brushed off, and which protects the face from freezing.

His short caribou hide trousers, with the fur left on, come down to meet his soft, high boots ("MUKLUKS") of sealskin, worn with the fur inside.

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